

# I Smell a Rat.

To the tune of, Vpon a Summer tide.  
O R, The Seminary Priest.



I Traueld farre to finde  
where honesty abides,  
And found in England more  
then all the world besides;  
But where true vertue growes,  
vice quickly ruines that:  
A poore man must not speake,  
although he Smell a Rat.

When Iustice hath her sight,  
she's beautifull in thow:  
But when she gazes her face,  
how wild she some doth grow;  
I doe perceiue the cause,  
but dare not speake of that:  
He not offend the Lawes,  
but yet I Smell a Rat.

When I see wealthy men,  
by worldly causes rise:  
I count them happy here,  
and truly worldly wise;  
But folly oft makes leane,  
what Wit hath long kept fat:  
Who knowes how rich men fall:  
in troth I Smell a Rat.

Some gathers in their rents,  
and hoordes the coine with care:  
Stretching their credits great,  
for money or for ware:  
When such great men do breake,  
what is the cause of that?  
Introth I dare not speake,  
and yet I Smell a Rat.

To in a Countertinde,  
is common euery howler,  
To Widow, Wife, or Maide,  
or any in his power:  
The Unshand's welcome to,  
but whats the cause of that:  
I doe not instly know,  
but yet I Smell a Rat.

When later marries wealth,  
how ioy full are the twaine,  
On both sides wealths increase  
comes in with ill got gaine:  
This wealth comans their minds,  
they lue like Dog and Cat;  
What should the occasion be:  
in faith I Smell a Rat.

When rates of all things rise,  
within a plentious yeare:  
What should the occasion be,  
that euery thing's so deare;  
Some censure rich mens faults,  
and some say this and that:  
Let al say what they will,  
for faith I Smell a Rat.

When Age doth marry Youth,  
how louingly they lue:  
The want of youthfull bloud,  
this tender Wife doth grieve:  
The old man iealous growes,  
occasion oft bids that:  
When wealth and beauty meete,  
in faith I Smell a Rat.

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The second Part, To the same Tune.



**V**Wherefore doth women paint  
or youngmen prune their  
It may be tis to make, (haire :  
this earthly carcase faire ;  
Yet there are causes great,  
are ten times worse then that :  
Tis beauty tearpes the eye,  
in faith I Smell a Rat.

When Strumpets strine by Art,  
and fond inticing straines,  
To bring pore youth to spend  
both substance, strength, & vaines:  
What sickness followes lust ?  
What pouerty brings that ?  
I haue no cause to know,  
but yet I Smell a Rat.

When gulls and gosseps find,  
the vildnes of expence :  
How penitent their minde,  
will grow for that offence :  
But folly to such men,  
doth shew them what is what :  
I speake not all I know,  
but still I Smell a Rat.

To see a Whore fall sicke,  
why tis a common thing :  
A Whore some will tire,  
doth too much burthen bring :  
Beside, an inward griefe  
may be the cause of that,  
Let Surgions lend reliefe :  
for faith I Smell a Rat.

When Seignieur Roman T,  
did goe vpright and straight :  
He crumples in the hames,  
so great's his bodie's waight :  
Say strables twice as wide,  
what is the cause of that ?  
Theres something barres his stride  
in troth I Smell a Rat.

Why growes your Balvds so big,  
When Panders prone so leane :  
When they were young they sweld  
and nere will fall againe :  
The Panders swift on sofe,  
and so keeps downe his fat,  
By bringing some vnto't :  
in troth I Smell a Rat.

When Officers let slip  
to punish such as these :  
Pray where doth Justice sit,  
or railes she when she please :  
It may be she is brib'd,  
and so kept blind by that :  
Else none of these could thine,  
in troth I Smell a Rat.

When sinne strines to surcease,  
and folly flies away :  
Where lone and lasting peace,  
will make a glorious day :  
When England harboures none,  
that beares the name of Whore,  
The Rat will run away,  
and I shall Smell no more.

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